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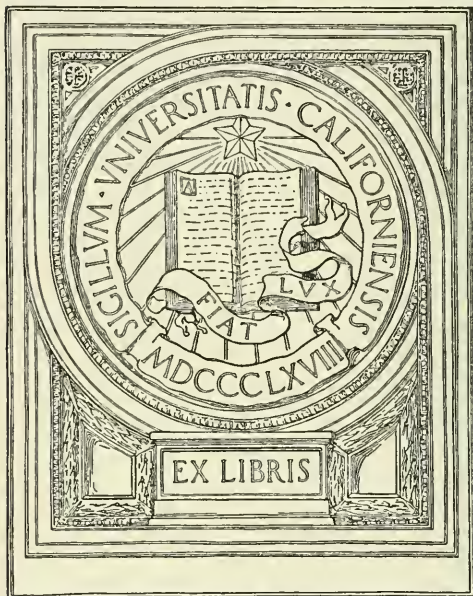
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Orange Blossoms. "Multum in Parvo"
Printed Expressly for Miss Vienna
Estella Cowan

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



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ROBERT ERNEST COWAN



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ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

“MULTUM IN PARVO.”

PRINTED EXPRESSLY FOR MISS VIENNA ESTELLA COWAN.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

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1880.

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SAN CARLOS 1769

ROBERT ERNEST COWAN

A black and white photograph of a large, rectangular, light-colored object, possibly a piece of paper or a small board, with a grid of small, dark, circular marks arranged in rows and columns. The object is placed on a dark, textured surface.



ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

“MULTUM IN PARVO.”

Preface.

This choice selection of Poems was arranged during the convalescence of Miss Vinnie from that painful and so often fatal illness "Diphtheria." "Once more restored to the sweet breath of morn, and glad-some beauty of the day," she forgets not to thank the "pilotage" which guided the frail bark o'er pain's wild waves. Which gives the Poem "Convalescence" a most fitting place as opening Poem of this little book, the motto of which is "MULTUM IN PARVO," "much in a little," which is beautifully summed up in the touching address of the mother to the one who stands by her "bridal-wreathed" daughter. "The Three Little Graves" many persons will remember having heard touchingly recited by Miss Vinnie.

To the little one in life's spring; to the beautiful in summer's bloom; to the strong in golden autumn; and the aged in gray winter, and to all lovers of the pure and good, these pages are respectfully dedicated.

VIENNA ESTELLA COWAN.

Convalescence.

Once more drawn back by loving hearts and hands
From the dim portals of the world to come ;
Once more permitted to rejoin the bands
Of dear ones gathered in this earthly home.

Once more—once more—(oh, pilotage most rare,
To guide so worn a bark o'er stormy seas !)
Safely conveyed through surges of Despair,
And Pain's wild waves, to smiling ports of Ease.

Once more restored to the sweet breath of morn,
And all the gladsome beauty of the day ;
To cheerful sights and sounds and changes born
In earth and air, as seasons roll away.

Dear Lord, I thank Thee for this boon of life !
Granted again when Death stood waiting near ;
Still is the gift with magic sweetness rife,
Still is it good to be a dweller here.

For still this world, despite its clouded hours
Of care and pain, is wondrous fair to me ;
Still, in the glory of its stars and flowers,
And Summer groves, Paradise I see.

And here, such tender smiles around me gleam,
Here meet I hearts so warm and words so fond,
That ever into this, my earthly dreams,
Guides something of the Heaven that lies beyond.

Therefore I fain would be a voyager still
Along the windings of this pleasant shore ;
Therefore I bless the Powers whose gracious will
Hath given me back to life and love once more.

MRS. E. S. SMITH.

Growing.

Throughout this growing season,
Of rain, and sun, and dew,
I feel a growing in me
Of all things good and true.

The green grass on the hill-tops,
The wheat-fields of the land,
The green things in my garden,
All grow up and expand.

From morning until evening,
From evening until dawn,
The changes follow—follow—
The growth goes on and on.

So in my soul and spirit
I feel a reaching out,
Up over strife and worry,
Up over fear and doubt.

As golden rays of sunlight
Draw verdure from the sod,
So by His loving kindness
My soul is drawn to God.

And like the heats of noontide,
And like the healthful rains,
Have been the fires of sorrow,
Have been my woes and pains.

Has all this growth no purpose ?
Who dares to say my soul
Shall end on earth its mission,
And find no higher goal ?

Whiter than any harvest
That grows upon the sod
Are the truths within me growing,
To lay before my God.

So in the growing season
Of Summer and of youth,
I feel my soul and spirit
Reach upward after truth.

ELLA WHEELER.

Three Little Graves.

It was autumn, and the leaves were dry,
That rustled on the ground ;
The chilling winds went whistling by
With low and pensive sound,
As through the graveyard's lone retreat,
By meditation led,
I walked with slow and cautious feet
Above the sleeping dead.

Three little graves, ranged side by side,
My close attention drew,
O'er to the tall grass-bending side,
And one seemed fresh and new.
As lingering there I mused awhile
On death's long, dreamless sleep,
And opening life's deceitful smile,
A mourner came to weep.

Her form was bowed, but not with years ;
Her words were faint and few ;
And on those little graves her tears
Distilled like evening dew.
A prattling boy, some four years old,
Her trembling hand embraced,
And from my heart the tale he told
Will never be effaced.

"Mamma, you must love me more,
For little sister is dead,
And t'other sister died before ;
And brother, too, you said.
Mamma, what made sweet sister die ?
She loved me when we played ;
You told me, if I would not cry,
You 'd show me where she laid."

" 'Tis here, my child, where sister lies,
Deep buried in the ground ;
No light comes to her little eyes,
And she can hear no sound."
" Mamma, won't she be afraid to lie
In that dark grave to-night ?
Won't she be very cold and cry,
Because there is no light ?

" Won't she be hungry there,
And want some food to eat ?
And who will give her clothes to wear,
And keep them clean and neat ?
Papa must go and carry some ;
I 'll send her all I 've got ;
And he will bring sweet sister home ;
Mamma, now must he not ?"

" Oh, no ! my child, that cannot be ;
For God, who saw her die,
Looked down from heaven and smiled,
And called her to the sky.
Let little children come to me,
Once our dear Saviour said ;
And in his arms they 'll always be,
And He will give them bread."

The Little Boy that Died.

[The late Dr. Chalmers is said to have been the author of the following beautiful lines, written on the occasion of the death of a young son, whom he greatly loved :]

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near,
And the fagot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
Are the only sounds I hear ;
And over my soul in its solitude
Sweet feelings of sadness glide ;
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all,
And softly opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came to meet her son—
She kissed me, and then she sighed ;
And her head fell on my neck as she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played ;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers are all decayed ;
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride,
And they will speak with a silent speech
Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of souls shall have no blight,
Our love no broken ties ;
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide ;
And one of the joys of life shall be
The little boy that died.

Memories of the Old Kitchen.

Far back, in my musings, my thoughts have been cast,
To the cot, where the hours of my childhood were passed,
I loved all its rooms, to the pantry and hall,
But that blessed old kitchen was dearest of all.
Its chairs and its table, none brighter could be,
For all its surroundings were sacred to me,
To the nail in the ceiling, the latch on the door,
And I loved every crack of that old kitchen floor.

I remember the fireplace, with mouth high and wide,
The old-fashioned oven that stood by its side,
Out of which, each Thanksgiving, came puddings and pies,
That fairly bewildered and dazzled our eyes,
And, there, too, St. Nicholas, slyly and still,
Came down every Christmas our stockings to fill,
But the dearest of memories I've laid up in store,
Is the Mother that trod that old kitchen floor.

Day in and day out, from morning till night,
Her footsteps were busy, her heart always light,
For it seemed to me then, that she knew not a care,
The smile was so gentle her face used to wear.
I remember with pleasure, what joy filled our eyes,
When she told us the stories, that children so prize.
They were new every night, though we'd heard them before
From her lips, at the wheel, on the old kitchen floor.

I remember the window, where mornings I'd run
As soon as the daybreak to watch for the sun.
And I thought when my head scarcely reached to the sill,
That it slept through the night in the trees on the hill.
And the small tract of ground that my eyes there could view,
Was all of the world that my infancy knew.
Indeed, I cared not to know of it more
For a world in itself, was that old kitchen floor.

To-night, those old visions come back at my will ;
But the wheel and its music forever are still,
The band is moth-eaten, the wheel laid away,
And the fingers that turned it, lie mouldering in clay.

The hearthstone so sacred, is just as 'twas then,
And the voices of children ring out there again,
The sun, through the window, shines in as of yore,
But it sees stranger feet on the old kitchen floor.

SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS.

SOPHIA P. SNOW.

Orange Blossoms.

Oh! take her, my darling, my treasure, my pride,
For your life-long companion, your love and your bride;
Take the joy and the sunshine away from my life,
And clasp to your bosom your angel, your wife;
Take my one lily-blossom—I will not complain,
Though my mother-heart ache with intenseness of pain;
Though my life shall be darken'd without her, I know
'Tis a wise law of Nature—then take her and go!

I have borne her and rear'd her in sorrow and pain,
But the sweet compensation brought sunshine again,
And the touch of her hand and the sound of her voice
Sooth'd ever my heart-pain and made me rejoice;
And I called her my lily, my violet, my dove,
My all that was gentlest and fullest of love;
But a stranger hath won her affection away,
And she leaves me, my darling, she leaves me to-day!

Oh, fold round her closely the strong arms of love!
Protect her, caress her, my pet lamb, my dove;
Be her strength and her shelter, be tender, be mild,
And may God deal with you as you deal with my child!
I know her devotion, my daughter, your wife;
I know that her love is as strong as her life;
I know that she gives you her heart's purest trust,
Oh, ne'er let her idol fall down in the dust!

For the love of a woman is truly her life,
And the faith of the woman blooms out in the wife;
And the trust of a woman—no holier thing
Is known in the climes where the Seraphims sing,
And I wish her no brighter a future to-day
Than the love, faith and trust that will never decay
Till the dark angel comes with his shadowy wings
And bears her away from earth's changeable things.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

My darling, no cloud would I cast on your way !
I WILL smile when I bid you farewell, love, to-day ;
But remember me, dear, when your young heart is full,
When the twilight sinks down with its exquisite hush,
When love flings around you its mystical charms,
And you rest all content in a husband's dear arms—
Give one thought to your mother, now sitting alone
With her dearest one absent—her sweet song-bird flown !

Good-bye ! may God's blessings go with you, my child,
As you leave the old home, by Love's magic beguiled ;
God bless both my children, and keep you for aye,
Still fond and still loving through life's thorny way,
And all thoughts that are selfish shall sink out of sight,
While your young hearts are happy—your morning star bright ;
But in sorrow and pain, when your tears fall like rain,
This heart shall unfold to embrace you again !

This life is all meetings and partings, I know ;
One half is of blossom, the other of snow ;
And the children we rear to maturity's flower
Must be planted afar in the stranger's home bower ;
While they, in their turn, must yield their treasures up—
Must taste in their turn of the same bitter cup ;
Then go, my dear children, God speed on your way,
Not a cloud would I cast on your young hearts to-day !

A Kiss at the Door.

We were standing at the doorway—
My little wife and I ;
The golden sun upon her
Fell down so silently.
A small white hand upon my arm,
What could I ask for more
Than the kindly glance for loving eyes,
As she kissed me at the door ?

I know she loves with all her heart
The one who stands beside ;
And the years have been so joyous
Since first I called her bride.
We've had so much of happiness
Since we met in years before ;
But the happiest time of all was
When she kissed me at the door.

Who cares for wealth, or land, or gold,
For fame or matchless power !
It does not give the happiness
Of just one little hour
With one who loves me as her life—
She says she loves me more—
And I thought she did this morning,
When she kissed me at the door.

At times it seems as all the world,
With all its wealth of gold,
Is very small and poor indeed,
Compared with what I hold ;
And when the clouds hang grim and dark,
I only think the more
Of her who waits the coming step,
To kiss me at the door.

If she lives till age shall scatter
Its frosts upon her head,
I know she'll love me just the same
As the morning we were wed ;
But if the angels call her,
And she goes to heaven before,
I shall know her when I meet her,
For she'll kiss me at the door.

Asking a Blessing.

"Aye ; but wait, good wife, a minute ;
I have first a word to say :
Do you know what day to-day is ?
Mother, 'tis our wedding-day !

"Just as now, we sat at supper
When the guests had gone away ;
You sat that side, I sat this side,
Forty years ago to-day !

"Then what plans we laid together ;
What brave things I meant to do !
Could we dream to-day would find us
At this table—me and you ?

"Better so, no doubt—and yet I
Sometimes think—I cannot tell—
Had our boys—ah, yes ! I know, dear ;
Yes, He doeth all things well.

"Well, we 've had our joys and sorrows ;
Shared our smiles as well as tears ;
And—the best of all—I 've had your
Faithful love for forty years !

"Poor we 've been, but not forsaken ;
Grief we 've known, but never shame—
Father, for thy endless mercies
Still we bless Thy Holy Name !"

Resurgum.

A WOMAN'S CONCLUSIONS.

I said, if I might go back again
To the very hour that gave me birth ;
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live it in any part of earth ;

Put perfect sunshine into my sky,
Banish the shadow of sorrow and doubt ;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my suffering stricken out ;

If I could have known in years gone by,
The best that a woman comes to know ;
Could have had whatever will make her blest,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so ;

Have found the highest and purest bliss
That the bridal-wreath and ring enclose ;
And gained the one out of all the world
That my heart as well as my reason chose ;

And if this had been, and I stood to-night
By my children, lying asleep in their beds,
And could count in my prayers for a rosary,
The shining row of their golden heads ;

Yes ! I said, if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me, at my bidding, still
I would choose to have my part as it is,
And to let my future come as it will !

I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even, more straight or wide ;
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,
This way or that, to either side.

My past is mine, and I take it all ;
Its weakness—its folly, if you please ;
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been my helps, not hindrances !

If I saved my body from the flames,
Because that once I had burned my hand ;
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less—you understand ;

It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of sin withheld from crime.

Who knows its strength, by trial, will know
What strength must be set against a sin ;
And how temptation is overcome,
He has learned who has felt its power within.

And who knows how a life at the last may show ?
Why, look at the moon from where we stand !
Opaque, uneven, you say, yet it shines, . .
A luminous sphere, complete and grand !

So let my part stand just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may, grow old ;
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best—or it had not been, I hold.

PHEBE CARY.

It might have been ! Ah me ! Ah me !
It might have been ! Nay, rather rest
Believing that what has been is best.
The life whose sun is not yet set
Can find no room for vain regret,
And only folly crowns as queen
Its might have been.

Death to the Aged.

The aged too must die. They who passed safe
 The perils of their tiny infancy,
 The dangers that lay hid amongst the flowers
 Where heedless childhood gamboled, and the shafts
 Of sickness that beset the paths of youth ;
 They long have triumphed o'er the pains, the ills,
 The saddening trials of life's downward road ;
 They long have borne the aching heaviness,
 The burdens various of protracted years ;
 But, though life's cord be yet unloosed,
 Death's summons come to them, and they too die.

Death cometh to the aged, as the night
 Comes to the weary child. It is "so tired,"
 So heavy with the yearning of repose,
 It asketh not for food, for toy, or play ;
 Its only wish is to lie down and sleep.
 So to the aged comes the night of death,
 With slow, still step, and lays his shadowy hand
 Softly and reverently on their brow,
 And they anew put on the robes of youth,
 And meet the loved—long since accounted lost,
 All radiant with celestial brightness,
 And loving with the ever raptured joy
 Of beatific spirits, as they welcome home
 The "good and faithful servant" to his rest,
 The place prepared by his approving Lord.

Tears drop, all gently, when the aged die,
 For now their work is done, and they have long
 Craved heavenly domicile. This world, for them,
 Has nothing more : mortality at best,
 Is but a burden, a deep throe of pain :
 On earth they labored, loved, yet suffered oft,—
 Now heavenly fruition comes. We do not weep
 As when the lovely spring-bud of life's hope
 Lies cold upon its mother's heaving breast ;
 We do not mourn as when our summer joy
 Is wither'd in the blooming ; or as when
 The fruits of autumn perish, immature.
 It is as when the full ripe sheaf is borne,
 All rich with treasure, to the granary ;
 And, therefore, they are blessed who attain
 The reverend estate of winter's years.

An angel's voice proclaimed, "Blessed are the dead
Who die in Christ the Lord," for they rest—ay,
They rest! Yes, mourning friend! their toils have ceased :
The little one that withered in life's spring ;
The beautiful who died in summer's bloom ;
The strong who fell in autumn ; and the old,
Who in gray winter, went to their repose ;
They rest secure above. And if we might,
Would we recall them!—when we too approach
The throne where "crowned with light," for us they wait ?

Oh, blessed be our God, for life, for death,
But most for Christ and immortality !

My Books.

Gather ye round me, friends ! for such ye are.
O mute companions of my thoughtful mood ;
Mute, yet all-eloquent, your bright bows bear
The seal of welcome to your solitude.
Friends, who will fail me not in your high worth,
Your tones immortal thrill my raptured ear—
Your eyes, unaltered 'mid the change of earth,
Beam kindly on me, and I feel that here
My heart hath found its home. Bright beings of the mind!
Children of Bard and Sage ! Ye strangely gifted
To glorify the beautiful, enshrined
In my soul's temple !—how have ye uplifted
With the calm radiance of your thoughts sublime,
My spirit above the ills and fleeting forms of Time.

E. JESSUP EAMES.

En Fin.

There comes a time, a time
When all our tears and toils shall cease ;
The bitter tears, though ready, shall be stayed ;
The toil, though incomplected, never shall be done ;
When we shall close our aching eyes, and clasp
Our hardened hands and be at peace—
Thank God, thank God for that !

E. L. BENTON.



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